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CATCH HIM WHO CAN.

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CATCH HIM WHO CAN!

A MUSICAL FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED WITH DISTINGUISHED SUCCESS

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK,

AUTHOR OF THE SOLDIER'S RETURN, INVISIBLE GIRL, &c.

THE MUSIC BY MR. HOOK, SENR.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR C. AND R. BALDWIN,
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1806.

Price 1s. 6d.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Alphonso</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. WHITFIELD.
<i>Count Theodore</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. PALMER.
<i>Philip</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. MATHEWS.
<i>La Fleur</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. DE CAMP.
<i>Pedrillos</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. LISTON.
<i>Thomaso</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TAYLOR.
<i>Sentinel</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSON.

Chorus of Peasants, Soldiers, Dancers,
Servants, &c. &c.

<i>The Countess</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. STANWELL.
<i>Sophia</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. MATHEWS.
<i>Janet</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. GIBBS.
<i>Annie</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss. TYRER.

Female Peasants, Dancers, and Chorus.

SCENE—FONTARABIA.

CATCH HIM WHO CAN.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A Country View in the Neighbourhood of the Castle.

Enter

A groupe of Peasants, and Dancers, with JANET.

Chorus and Dance.

ALL hail to he Sun ! that gaily cheers
The cottager's humble labor :
He works and sings, till late he hears
The ev'ning pipe and tabor ;
Then joy, so gay, concludes the day,
And pays him for his labor.

Janet. Well ! this promises to be a day of events in our little town—my brother Thomaso marries Annie, the rich farmer's daughter, and I—perhaps, I may be married to Philip—my own dear Philip—for I have this very morning received a letter from him, telling me to expect him to-day—but he charges me not to mention it to any

B

body—so, after waiting two or three weeks for a bit of news, I receive it with the disagreeable incumbrance of keeping it a secret—how my heart beats for the sound of the horn that will announce his master's approach to the castle.

Enter PHILIP, muffled up in a Cloak.

Phil. Hist ! Janet—Janet !

Janet. Ha ! Philip ! can it—can it be !

[They embrace.]

Phil. Yes, yes, thanks to St. Lawrence and a sturdy mule—I'm here in safety.

Janet. And where's your master ?

Phil. Safe too, I hope—only, don't talk—I must get to the castle, unobserved, and then if——

Janet. Why, what is the matter—if you had been murdering——

Phil. Now don't talk of murder—talk to a lawyer of conscience, or to a French Admiral of fighting—but—don't talk to me of murder—every man has his antipathies.

Janet. You alarm me—where is the Count ?

Phil. No where on the face of the earth.

Janet. What !—is he dead ?

Phil. No, not *dead*, only *buried* in a cavern about a mile hence—but he *must* die.

Janet. So must we all.

Phil. Ah!—but he has broken the laws of Spain, and I fear even the *Spanish* cannot save him now—I go—not a word of this rencontre, d’ye hear.

Janet. [*pouting.*] Well—if all lovers were to receive their mistresses thus after a twelvemonth’s absence, the world would soon be at an end.

Phil. Patience, child, patience—duty has thrown cold water on the fire of my love—but it will burn the fiercer by and by—besides, consider the Count’s situation.

Janet. Explain—pray do.

Phil. I would to heaven I could trust you—can you keep a secret—Eh?

Janet. Faithfully.

Phil. You are sure of that now?

Janet. Perfectly.

Phil. Well, then,—we have been in England—and when we left that, sailed for Cadiz—hush! there’s some one coming.

Janet. No, no—go on.—

Phil. Well you see, we sailed to Cadiz—then—but now, dear Janet—it is of such consequence—you will be secret?

Janet. You may confide in me—for I think if a person who is entrusted with any thing of consequence tells it even to his nearest dearest friend, he commits a heinous fault.

Phil. That's your opinion is it? *exactly mine—*
so good day t'ye! [*Runs off.*]

Janet. Why the provoking varlet—if I didn't know what a scape-grace it is I should be alarmed—but while his faults extend no further than his head there's *little in it*—and his heart, I'm sure is sound—but here, as I live, comes La Fleur, the new steward of the castle—coxcomb—but I always observe that every young man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Enter LA FLEUR.

La F. Ha! ha!—sincerely your's, my adorable angel!

Janet. Angel!—Sir—I would thank you not to be quite so affectionate—for to tell you the truth, I don't like your running after me so always.

La F. If you wish to cure me of that, *marry me.*

Janet. You had better take care somebody else does not cure you of it by breaking your head.

La F. Oh!—what you are going to set somebody to knock out my brains?

Janet. Sir, I talked of your *head*—I didn't mention *brains.*

La F. Why, according to modern estimation,

the head does not seem to be the essential part of a lover—I adore you, and I——

Janet. Adore—Oh, you conceited fellow—that very story you have told all the pretty little gay belles in the parish over and over again.

La F. Well, my dear, then as I have TOLD the parish BELLES so often, it is time I should RING some of them—Eh!—I have a fortune and——

Janet. Sir, I want no money—with my Philip I'd be as happy as a queen—no I mean to live honestly, and I'd rather extinguish my desires than enjoy them guiltily.

La F. A Stoical scheme, by the gods! but it won't do, lady—it won't, by Hercules—satisfying desires by lopping them, is, as if a man were to cut off his head when he wanted a hat—as to marrying Philip—madness!—a valet—a lacquey! I hate to be vain—but look at me—Steward of the castle—possessing rising properties—and master of every rule in Arithmetic—not forgetting the *Multiplication Table*.

Janet. I assure you you'll find the tables turned on you when Philip comes back—and, as I have no need of calculation to discover the sum total of my affections, I shall content myself—by wishing you a very good day.

[*Exit.*

La F. So, then, for once my eloquence has

proved invalid—faith I'll leave this horrid place—I'll rise to greatness—I'll up to Paris and get into the sea service, for if the English sailors go on as they have begun—I don't know where I could look out for a more snug sinecure than a *French Naval Commission*—why, who the devil is this! Ho—ho—I'll attack this fellow.

Enter JEFFRY.

Jeff. Sir, I ax pardon—Ise a soldier—born at Madrid—edicated at Cadiz—enlisted at Salamanca—I married at Corunna—wife born at Oviedo and died at Seville.

La F. But as I don't require your pedigree—what may you want with me?

Jeff. I want to find my way to the castle.

La F. Who do you want there?

Jeff. I really don't know.

La F. What's your business there?

Jeff. Can't tell.

La F. What brought you here?

Jeff. Seven hours and a strong mule.

La F. Pert and pretty, upon my soul.

Jeff. Yes I know I be pretty.

La F. Pooh! pooh!—go along about your business.

Jeff. No—that's just what I com'd about—and

if you won't tell I—I mun just go back and tell the King.

La F. Ah—what!—a K—i—n—g——d—do you come from a King.—I hate to be vain—but the moment I beheld you I was certain you were born in a court.

Jeff. [*aside.*] Yes, I was born in a court sure enough—and the *dirtiest court* in the whole city it were too ; but I say, sir—I want to get to the castle, for I have got a letter for the Countess—a letter for the resident Alguazil—and a letter for the chief inn-keeper.

La F. [*taking his hand.*] *A man of letters!* by this light—might I enquire your name?

Jeff. Why the family name is too long for common use, but they call me for shortness, Signor Jeffrio d'Alonzodi Mark Antonio Guzman Ferdinando de di Calcavello Marquirita Di Juan de Pedrillos!!!

La F. Tut—tut—tut—! well, come along, then Signor—what the devil.—

Jeff. No—Signor—my name is not “what the devil”—it is Jeffrio de Alonzo.—

La F. There, Sir—once a day is enough if you please—so come—but you were in the right road to the castle.

Jeff. Why yes I thought so—for when I left Madrid they told I—I should find the castle out

at a great distance by the high post on the top of the flag.

La F. Well as you came from court—it was no unnatural direction to look out for a HIGH POST—come along.— [Exeunt.

Enter THOMASO.

Tho. Married to-day—O what a happy termination to our love, unlike the fate of Caroline the Maid of Castile.—

SONG.

“ Wilt thou be mine, fair Caroline ?
 For thee I sigh and sorrow ;”
 Young Edward sigh’d, and kneeling cried,
 “ Wilt thou be mine to-morrow ?”

2.

The smile divine, fair Caroline
 From Venus seem’d to borrow ;
 “ I will be thine,” blush’d Caroline,
 “ I will be thine to-morrow !”

3.

The morn appears, their bosoms cheers—
 Poor lovers ! doom’d to sorrow—
 His country’s foes, to fight he goes,
 And leaves her on the morrow !

4

A fatal dart, soon pierc'd his heart :
The news strikes her with sorrow ;
“ I'll still be thine ! ” cried Caroline,
And died upon the morrow !

SCENE II.

A View before the Castle.

Enter the COUNTESS and SOPHIA from Gate.

Count. Oh, my child, my anxiety encreases with the day—three long tedious weeks and no tidings from my boy.

Soph. Nay, but console yourself—remember—

Count. Ah ! 'tis that too faithful memory mads my brain when I behold him as the infant—as the youth—the man—Oh Sophia—your brother's lost for ever.

Enter PHILIP, muffled up as before.

Phil. Madam ! madam !—

Count. Philip ! Heaven be praised !—speak, does Theodore live ?

Phil. He does, madam, he does, I haven't a

moment to lose—he has infringed the laws.—

Count. How, how?

Phil. He met an acquaintance at Madrid—who, I know not, and in the true spirit of friendship they first quarrelled and then fought—your son, the better swordsman of the two, thrust his weapon into his adversary's breast, and there is now a price set on the offender's head—his name not being divulged before his antagonist expired.

Count. Poor—poor boy! what a situation! none can be worse.

Phil. One, if you please—the young Cavalier who is *already dead*—for I think, if my usual ingenuity does not fail me, your son shall be saved yet.—In the first place—for I haven't a moment to lose—you know this little town of Fontarabia is the block of the pass between France and Spain—to this point the guards are ordered to cut off an escape—we'll try and get through the castle before their arrival—be you on the battlements at eight—and if there be danger, warn us of it.—

Count. But one word more.

Phil. Not a syllable—some one comes—at eight—and if intrigue, tricking, lying, disguising, and impudence can bring us out of the scrape, all these qualities, so well known in your

humble servant, Philip, are at your command.—

Soph. Who have we here? [*Exit PHILIP.*]

Enter JEFFRY.

Jeff. Ha! ha!—petticoats, I swear.—I'll throw out a lure for 'em.—Humph! pray, can you tell me where I may find the Countess?

Count. I am the Countess—pray what may be your business?

Jeff. I have no *business*, madam—I am a soldier.—

Count. Have you any commission—that—

Jeff. A *Lieutenancy in the Infantry*—and am bearer of a letter from the Duke, Prime Minister of State, to your Ladyship—damned pretty girl that. (*Aside.*)

Count. [*reads*] “His majesty, to discover the “murderer, is to place guards in the castle “granted you.”——Oh heavens! this is too much.—

Jeff. Why—it is, to say the truth, pretty well, but these great men don't mind what they do—for there's a matter of thirty of us.

Count. Oh, sir—you mistake me—I should be happy to receive your whole regiment—but particularly in having your company.

Jeff. Why yes—my *company* are very orderly fel-

lows indeed—but I say, my lady—(*beckons her*) beg pardon, keep your daughter out of the way—eighteen, eh, ticklish time—you understand—all sad dogs, gay deceivers—take a hint—I'll keep her for myself—(*aside*)—farewell madam—young lady (*sighs*) I'm yours.—Heigh ho!

Martial Musick.

Oh la! here comes the Count Alphonso—whose son has been kill'd—and faith he follows so hard at my heels, that if I hadn't been just here as I was, I might have spared myself the trouble.

March.

Enter ALPHONSO and Soldiers.

Jeff. Noble, Sir—this is the Countess—this her Daughter.—(*Affectedly bowing and sighing.*)

Alph. Madam, I trust this intrusion will not be of long duration—I have no doubt but our exertions will very shortly secure the assassin; in the first place we must prepare for an excursion to the Forest, and search it thro'—do not let me detain you, Madam—I attend you.

Count. I shall be proud to be your guide.

[*Exeunt thro' gates all but Sophia.*]

Soph. What is now my anxiety—not only my brother's stay alarms me—but my dear Lorenzo's—

no letter, no tidings—surely absence is the greatest bane of lovers.

SONG.

Softly waft, ye southern breezes,
Tidings of my true love here !
Tell, oh ! tell me, why he tarries !
Speak ! and chase each growing fear.
Thus the turtle-dove repining,
Watchful for her tender mate,
Feels sensations past defining,
Anxious till she hears his fate.

SCENE III.

The Forest.

Enter THEODORE and PHILIP.

Phil. Yes, Sir, I saw your mother and your sister, and they seem more alarmed on your account than yourself.

Theo. Alarmed !—Faith, I'm not alarmed—let me die, it isn't for murder—all fair play—a mere Carte and Tierce thrust.

Phil. Ah hang your Cart and Tierce thrusts say I—for if a man chance to kill his adversary from a TIERCE, 'tis five hundred to one but he die from a CART for it himself.

Theo. Well, Sir—and the man who hesitates to

risk his life in the cause of beauty—does not deserve the enjoyment of it alive.

Phil. Seriously sentimental, and particularly pathetic—but such a time for making speeches—

Theo. Why not, Sir?—I'm not the first culprit who made a speech under a tree—and for a woman—

Phil. Oh, Sir—just change the subject.

Theo. No, Sir—a man cannot have a better subject than a beautiful woman.

Phil. Yes, Sir, but it is a subject you EMBRACE so often.

Theo. Silence—I hate a noise.

Phil. Odd man, my master—fond of women, and an advocate for silence—nothing but duels and devils, faith—in Spain he was threatened with bastinado, and in England with law for challenging.

Theo. England—a crime committed in that happy Island must be answered for there—and, as long as they maintain the right of trial by an English jury, I can have no hesitation in committing my cause to their decision.—No, Sir, the object of my love lives in England—I'll return thither, and clasp her to my heart.—She and I will make one.

Phil. ONE at least—a great many more, I dare say, if you marry—but this, tho' it's devilish pleasant, will never get you out of a wood.

Theo. Well, tell me your plan.

Phil. You must steal up to the castle.

Alphonso and Soldiers appear behind in the Wood.

Phil. And then be persuaded to—

Alph. (*Comes forward*)—Seize them—

Chorus of Soldiers.

Stand ! guilty murd'rer !—dread vengeance is at hand—

Resistance vain—We charge you, stand !

The laws of nature and of lands

Offended by your tainted hands——

We charge you, stand !

[*During the Chorus the guards struggle with Theodore, who is disguised in a long brown cloak, which slipping off he escapes—in the mean time, Philip is held back by two of the Soldiers, with a cloak before him to prevent his getting off, during which time he is disguising, so that the moment the Chorus ends, Theodore runs off, and Philip turns round as an old Frenchman.*]

Alph. Pursue him.

Phil. Stop von moment if you please—dat gentilhomme is mad—

Alph. Desist an instant—mad ! —How mad ?

Phil. How mad—vy Sair, he is—

Alph. Come, villain, no prevarication.

Phil. Villain ! ah, dat is harde—dat villain—I—

Alph. Well, Sir, I ask your pardon—my feelings carry me a *great way*.

Phil. (*aside.*) Faith I wish they had carried him a little farther.

Alph. Come, sirrah—don't detain us—who are you ?

Phil. My name is Pierre Gaurault, keeper of a madhouse in Paris.—Now for a thumper or two—(*aside*) and dis gentilhomme, von Mons. Picareau, he is a patient of mine—for de insane— and his oncle Mons. Girald vishing to see my master—dat is I mean his nephew Monsieur Gaurault—no—no, Monsieur Picareau. Ah ! I ondertook pour—dat is to bring him from Paris in a chaise de poste—but a large immense hole in road coming under de veel, Monsieur de Madman cry out ve are gone—and sure enough de veel broke a—into a tousand pieces—and now he tink dat he has murder somebody because he saw a reward offeré pour some coquin, or odre.

Alph. This story is rather wild.

Phil. I caught it in the forest, however, (*aside*)—oui, monsieur.

Alph. Does any one know you here ?

Phil. I hope not—(*aside*)—oh oui, Madame la Comtesse here know me.

Alph. That is particularly lucky, for here by chance she comes.

Enter COUNTESS.

Madam your arrival is particularly fortunate, here is a man declaring himself known to you.

Phil. Pierre Gaurault of Paris—son of Jacob and Deborah Gaurault—It's I, madam, (*aside*) Philip—voo was born at Calais and educated by the little man at—

Count. O yes, what he says is perfectly true—I remember him—at first indeed I did not recognize his features—but I know him and will vouch for his innocence.

Alph. This is well.

Count. And indeed so great is my reliance that I will even send by him a letter of the utmost importance to my son, now at Paris—if—

Phil. You may confide in me.

Alph. Well, I am happy to find myself deceiv'd—

Phil. I assure you, so am I, Sair, vid all ma heart.

Alph. And I would offer you remuneration for the trouble I have given you—but as keeper of a madhouse in Paris, you must be in so *lucrative a*

line of life, that nothing I could offer would be worth your acceptance.—If you chuse I'll send some of my men to assist you in recovering your patient.

Phil. Oh no, Sair ! he would suppose dey were in pursuit of him as de murderer.

Count. Then—Mr.

Phil. Gaurault.

Count. Mr. Gaurault—farewell—

Phil. Adieu. [Exeunt all but Philip.

Phil. (*Resuming his natural appearance.*)—There now, who says I am not a clever fellow—and 'tis admirable I turned doctor so well.—It came all at once—for I wasn't a doctor by DEGREES, so to prove my skill, I'll begin by *delivering* this letter—lest, if left to itself—it should *miscarry*.—I hope the love suit of my poor master in England will turn out well—some do and some don't.—I remember once there, hearing a sad sad story of two lovers—it's damn'd dismal, so, to raise my spirits, I'll see if I can remember it.

SONG.

In Chester's town a man there dwelt,

Not rich as Cræsus, but a buck ;

The pangs of love he clearly felt—

His name was *Thomas Clutterbuck*.

The lady he did most approve
 Most guineas gold had got 'em ;
 And Clutterbuck fell deep in love
 With *Polly Higginbottom*.
 O Thomas Clutterbuck !
 And O Polly Higginbottom !
 I sing the loves—the smiling lives—
 Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

2.

A little trip he did propose :—
 Upon the Dee they got 'em ;
 The wind blew high—he blew his nose,
 And sung to Polly Higginbottom.
 The strain was sweet—the stream was deep—
 He thought his notes had caught her :
 But she, alas ! first fell—asleep ;
 And then fell—in the water.
 O Polly Higginbottom !
 —She went *to* the bottom—
 I sing the death—the doleful death !—
 Of pretty Polly Higginbottom !

3.

Yet still he strain'd his little throat ;
 To love he did invite her ;
 And never miss'd her—till his boat,
 He thought, went rather lighter.

But when he found that she was lost
The summum of his wishes—
He boldly paid the waterman,
And jump'd among the fishes.
Oh, Polly Higginbottom,
He comes to the bottom !
I sing the death—the double death—
Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

4.

Round Chester stalk the river ghosts
Of this young man and fair maid :
His head looks like a *salmon-trout* ;
Her tail is like a *mermaid*.

MORAL.

Learn this, ye constant lovers all
Who live on England's island—
The way to shun a wat'ry death
Is making love on *dry land* !!
O Polly Higginbottom ;
Who lies at the bottom !
So sing the ghosts—the water ghosts—
Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

SCENE IV.

The outside of the Castle Window—with a Sentry Box at the Gate.

Jeffry discovered keeping Guard.

Jeff. Heigho!—well, I wish the watch were a little quicker in coming round—for it's deuced dismal to keep guard where nobody can see one—on parade indeed, pretty girls, set all their little hearts fluttering at the sight of me, but—ha!—who have we here?

Enter Annie.

Jeff. Hollo, miss—miss—

Ann. I'm no miss.

Jeff. You will be very much *amiss* if you don't come hither—you don't consider, child, the labour of calling.

Ann. That's just as it should be—every man should *labour in his calling*.

Jeff. Were you ever in love?

Ann. I'm seventeen—let that answer you.

Jeff. Well, now—if you'll believe me, I feel as if I should be in love myself in a minute or two—where are you going?

Ann. In a hurry to be married.

Jeff. Do as we do at court, marry by proxy—and let me be the representative of your husband.

Ann. Husband.

Jeff. Will you give me a kiss?

Ann. No.

Jeff. Will you sing me a song about love ?

Ann. Well, I suppose I must to get away.

Jeff. And then I'll sigh—and pine—and look so pretty.

Ann. Ah ! they say love alters people—but remember, no sighing.

SONG.

Mary once had lovers two—

Whining—pining—sighing :

“ Ah !” cries one, “ what shall I do ?

Mary dear, I'm dying !”

T' other vow'd him just the same—

Dead in grief's vagary :

But sighs could never raise a flame

In the heart of Mary.

2

A youth there came, all blithe and gay—

Merry—laughing—singing—

Sporting—courting, all the day—

And set the bells a-ringing.

Soon he tripp'd it off to church,

Lightly, gay, and airy ;

Leaving t' others in the lurch,

Sighing—after Mary.

[*Runs off.*]

Jeff. There's a pipe—O la!—I hope that the Countess's daughter can sing—I'll never marry a woman that can't sing—who's this?

Enter PHILIP, as a Drunken Postillion.

Phil. Who can this be? I think nobody will ever discover me in this disguise—so here goes. (*aside*)—Damn them there plaguy beastesses the mules—it costs me all my perquisites in penny whipcord.

Jeff. Who's there?

Phil. Me.

Jeff. Your name—

Phil. Hiccup.

Jeff. Hiccup!—a very common name among you post-lads—stop! stop!—you can't pass here without a passport.

Phil. A what!—Harkye, my lad—I'm just come from England, where every man carries his passport in his two fists, and has his freedom at his fingers' ends—I want——

Jeff. Well, what do you want?

Phil. Any on 'em—one of the maids of the castle will do.

Jeff. Really—Oh you are not nice—go along fellow—there are no *maids* here.

Phil. That's because there are so *many soldiers*.

Jeff. Why fellow—what do you want with women—you're *disguised*.

Phil. Yes, I know I am—but I brought this letter thirteen miles, and——

Jeff. A letter, how did you come by this letter?

Phil. Not at all—the letter came by me—I wish I could get 'em to the window (*aside*.)—and if you'll take it—I'll sing you a song.

Jeff. What—do you think my conscience is to be bought *for a song*,—no—go along.—

Phil. Go along—then I'll tell you a bit of a story—ay and it's true, depend on't it is.—You see there were once a castle—just like as that may be—and an officer keeping guard like you are—and a fellow just such another as me, walked up to the gate, as this one is—when the officer——

Jeff. Stopped him as I do you!—No friend, this wont do—move off if you please.

Phil. [*aside*.] Faith we are all in the *fire* here—he *smokes* me—I must try something else.—Well then it's damned hard—that's all I say.

[*Exit talking*.]

Jeff. A fellow want me to take letters—O the ideot, why he might as well have asked the *Pope* to eat beef on a *Friday*,—no—no—Oh—here's some other damned rascal—but they can't cheat me.

Re-enter PHILIP, as a Ballad-singer.

Jeff. Well, Sir—what do you want?

Phil. Sent here by a gentleman, who told me you wished for a song.

Jeff. Damn it, sir—I don't want to hear you sing.

Phil. Italian or English, all one to me—Spanish fandangos or English horn-pipes, sir—allow me to give you an *air*.

Jeff. Well, sir, do—for you give yourself a *good many*.

SONG.—PHILIP.

In the fam'd town of Cadiz

Liv'd the fairest of ladies,

Donna Louisa Isabella :

And she had a lover,

Who did his mind discover ;

And she thought him a charming fellow.

2.

Now this fairest of ladies

Had a father liv'd in Cadiz,

And he lock'd her within a high tower ;

And her lover coming thither,

He promis'd to be with her

At a certain appointed hour.

3.

He was there at the time;
And he call'd out in rhyme—

For his heart was consum'd to a cinder—
“You have nothing now to fear,
Since your Philip now is here;—
Louisa, pray come to the window!”

4

The lady appears,
And quiets all his fears;
For his boldness she likes him the better.
—“All I want,” says he, “to do,
Is to get convey'd to you——
This very interesting letter!”

(The Countess appears at the Window.)

Phil. And talking of letters.

Jeff. What—you have got a letter too? zounds
I shall soon have the whole *alphabet*.

Phil. No, but if you'll take it in to the Countess, I'll give you the rest.

Jeff. No, no, friend, I shall *have no rest* if I do—what is it about?

(Holding his sword up to his shoulder, Philip sticks the letter on the point of Jeffry's sword.)

Phil. Why, there's some *point* in it, and its full of *metal*!

Jeff. I say, you'd best move off while you are well, or by heavens I'll——

(Following him up towards the castle with the

letter on the point of the sword, the Countess puts her hand out of the window and takes it.)

do you think I'll be the cause of letters going to the Countess?

Phil. Gone!—*sharp blade* for delivering a letter.

Jeff. No—no—they are some petitions or other, I suppose, and her ladyship's doors are always open to applications of that sort.

Phil. Yes, and her windows too. (*aside.*)

(*The Countess appears writing on a piece of Paper.*)

Jeff. I know you are some dependant, by your gait!

Phil. And you are a dependant, by your master's gate!

(*Countess throws out a Note from the Window.*)

Phil. (*taking it up.*) Children pick up words, and so do men—however this is as expeditious a way of dropping a line as possible.

Jeff. Come, sir, move, if you please—here comes the wedding procession of one of the villagers.

Phil. Then I'll be off indeed.—Farewell squire.
—So far, so good. [Exit.

Pipe and Tabor.

Enter THOMASO—ANNIE—and Peasants.

Thom. Ay, ay—dance away my lads—while

I and Annie go and pay our respects to the Countess.

Enter Chorus of Peasants and Dancers.

DANCE AND CHORUS.

Come, trip it, lads and lasses gay,
And join in varied measure,
To crown our neighbour's wedding-day
With mirth and rural pleasure.
Then trip along,
And join the song,
To crown our honest labor :
Let merry dance
Our time enhance,
To fiddle, pipe, and tabor

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Forest.*

Enter THOMASO and ANNIE.

Thom. Now, then, my love—the irrevocable knot is ty'd.

Ann. True, and I hope I shall find no abatement of your affection.

Thom. Oh, no!—in honourable minds the soul of love is constancy.

DUET.—THOMASO *and* ANNIE.

Annie.

By rippling brooks, through tangled dells,
With thee, my dear, I'll rove ;
Blest in the vale where virtue dwells,
With constancy and love.

Thomaso.

With thee, my dear, I'll fondly stray
Through each deep shady grove ;
While swift the hours shall glide away,
In constancy and love.

Both.

Then, regal pomp, we court you not,
Nor seek your worth to prove ;

For joys supreme possess our cot,
With constancy and love.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter THEODORE.

Theo. Why, where can Philip stay so long—faith it was lucky we had a receptacle for disguises, or I should have been in rather an awkward predicament—ha ! footsteps !—I must hide—to be found here will be rather dangerous.

[*Hides behind a tree.*

Enter LA FLEUR and JANET.

La F. Still you fly, and I pursue—say, thou bewitching bird of Paradise, which way do you wing your course—for I, of *course*, must follow.—

Janet. I shall certainly prevent this impertinence.

La F. Nay, nay—a truce with tyranny—I hate to be vain—but observe what a fortune I shall be able to settle upon you—for, when the Count returns, he, like most other young men of fashion, will be too refined to look into his domestic affairs, and then I shall have the whole of his property in my power.

Theo. Oh, oh !—a pretty fellow this ! (*apart.*)

Jan. And so, sir, you think to gain my hand

by displaying the blackness of your heart.—No, Mr. La Fleur, farewell.

La F. What, are you going?—so am I.

Janet. I hope you don't mean to follow me.

La F. No—I mean to go with you.

Janet. Indeed you will not.

La F. Won't I—in the middle of a wood, and lose an opportunity, (*struggling with her.*)

Jan. Help! help!—

(*Theodore rushes forward and thrusts away La Fleur.*)

Theo. You have it.

Janet. (*aside.*) O heavens! the Count.

La F. This intrusion was little desired.

Theo. And less expected—who are you, sir?

La F. A man, sir.

Theo. A man!—no, sir, if you had the heart—the feelings of a man, you would never descend to force the inclinations of a helpless female.—Liber-
tinism may be reckoned a secondary vice compared with seduction, and he who plucks the rose-bud from the cheek of innocence, and plants the lily there instead, deserves that punishment offended virtue will at length bring down upon him—I, sir, am this lady's champion.

La F. And if we may judge from looks, she is in mighty good hands, however, sir,—

Theo. Sir, we had better not confide in ap-

pearances, or I should take you for a cowardly fool, who, not having wit or merit enough to win the heart of a woman—the jewel we prize—would basely destroy the lovely casket that contains it.

La F. Sir—after this, satisfaction must——

Theo. You shall have it.

La F. Ha!—but when?—What security can I have for your appearance?

Theo. True—true—take this ring—there, sir, keep it till I appear in the form of an antagonist and demand it—then I'm your's.

La F. Mighty well, sir—I hate to be vain—but I think the lady has not made an exchange for the better—he! he!—good day, sir.— [*Exit La F.*

Janet. Oh sir, how could you risk your life?

Theo. Was it not in the cause of beauty!—haven't I heard Philip—my faithful Philip, speak of you in raptures—I have, and will not see his little treasury rifled while he is endeavouring to save me.—

Janet. But how are you to escape from this horrid place, my lord?

Theo. You must know that was the very question I was going to ask you.

Jan. Then, sir, thus I'll answer—my brother's wife, new married to-day, is coming this way to meet her father—in that cloak you may assume his appearance and pass up to his house.

Theo. 'Tis well—come along then—I shall be able to personate him, for we rakes very often fall into a *premature old age*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room at THOMASO'S House.

Enter THOMASO, on one side, and THEODORE (disguised) with ANNIE on the other.

Thom. Ha!—Annie, my little dear—come to my arms, you rogue.

Ann. Hush!—for shame, Thomaso—here's the Count.

Thom. Egad, sir, I ask pardon—however, as you are here, no time must be lost.—I have a scheme—in the first place, I have below, some cellars for my wine—to which no one has access but myself.

Theo. Beg pardon—but I suppose that is where you keep your *genuine liquor*.

Thom. A door opens from it, into the floor of my own room, through which I mean to let you down—so if you'll just step with me, you shall see the contrivance, and then your lordship will own we understand *trap*, as well as our neighbours.

Theo. Lead on—love, they say, will carry a man through stone walls, but fear can thrust through an oak floor.

[*Exeunt* THEODORE and THOMASO.]

Ann. Well, the Count is never low spirited, that I will say for him—like me, he loves to laugh. So now then I am married—Well, I'll keep this blushing rose bud as the first marriage gift of Thomaso.

SONG.—ANNIE,

Hail, lovely rose ! to thee I sing,
Thou sweetest daughter of the spring !
All mortals praise thy beauties bright ;
In thee the pow'rs above delight.
Hail then, sweet rose ! to thee I sing,
Thou sweetest daughter of the spring

Enter PHILIP.

Phil. Speak !—am I too late ?—have the soldiers been here ?

Ann. No.

Phil. Then all will yet be well. [Exit.

Ann. Soldiers !—good heavens ! are the soldiers coming !—what then, is the Count suspected ?—

[A knock at Door.]

Enter JEFFRY, LA FLEUR, *and* Soldiers.

La F. Where is Thomaso?

Ann. I'll call him to you this instant, gentlemen.
[*Exit.*

Jeff. I fancy we are misled.

La F. I trust not—and if I discover any legal loop-hole through which I can wreak my vengeance on him for his sister's indifference, depend on me.

Enter THOMASO.

Thom. Ha—gen—tle—men—you—your—ve--
r—y humble servant.

La F. Why, good Thomaso, we are come to search your house.

Thom. In welcome, sir—you'll find nobody in here, sir.—

La F. Perhaps we may find somebody *out* here though—or why do you tremble?

Thom. La, sir—I—m, sure—I—don't—trem--
ble at all—sir—no—ot at all—sir—it is the sight of strange faces that alarms me.

Jeff. I hope, sir, you don't see any thing *strange* in my face, sir.

La. F. Come—to business—search the house.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Thom. Search away—you'll find nobody.

La F. You seem mighty confident, sir—pray,

sirrah, who was that, who about half an hour ago entered this house with two girls, sir?

Thom. Sir?—

Jeff. In a long brown cloak, sir?

Thom. A long brown cloak, sir?

Enter PHILIP from the Center Door, in a long brown Cloak and Wig, like an Apothecary.

Phil. In a long brown cloak, sir—that was me, sir—I—

La F. Then you are the murderer.

Phil. Perhaps you are right—I am the *apothecary* of the next village.

Jeff. Have you any business here?

Phil. None immediate—a perspective peep—heard of a marriage—conclusions drawn—popped down to bespeak a job nine months before hand—Mr. La Fleur, I believe—pardon my freedom, a French gentleman—man of talents notwithstanding.

La. F. Notwithstanding, sir!—have a care or you'll rank me among your enemies.

Phil. So much the better—make a French man your friend, he'll eat your beef and cut your throat—make him your enemy and beat him, that's my way—you'll pardon my freedom.

Jeff. Who are you, sir?—is your name Doctor?

Phil. No, sir—Doctor is my profession—my

name is Pilgildini—Italian extraction, sir—a very good name, sir—and a GOOD NAME among us, sir, is every thing—was born in Italy, as I mentioned before, married a beautiful woman—BALSAM OF HONEY and CONSERVE OF ROSES—always a good family—and I am, in fact, descended from nobility.

Jeff. Yes, devilishly DESCENDED indeed !

Phil. And if I get into the knack of killing people to their own satisfaction, who knows but I may some day or other get a title myself—such things have been—you'll pardon my freedom.

La F. Fellow, if you don't bring your story to an end, you will tire us—we shall lose all our patience.

Phil. No, it's I, sir, who am in danger of losing my PATIENTS—they will all get well, and then, sir, you know, I should have more difficulty in making them ill again than they are worth.

Re-enter Soldiers.

Soldier. All's right, captain—we found nobody up stairs but two girls, this here doctor, and ANOTHER old woman.

Thom. There, gentlemen, you see——

La F. It is very lucky for you—for if you had been guilty, neither gold nor steel would have saved you from our resentment.

Thom. Gold or steel—I thought so—and therefore tried the effect of a little *brass*. [*Aside.*

Jeff. Farewell, Signor Thomaso.

All. Farewell—farewell! [*Exeunt.*

Phil. There my boy, all's well—and now let me prepare you for another adventure—tell the Count they are gone—and as a sudden change from one profession to the other (*throws off his disguise and discovers himself as a Blacksmith.*) Behold me a Blacksmith—there are repairs going forward in the castle, and as I am determined **TO STRIKE WHILE THE IRON'S HOT**—I'll get in as one of the workmen.

Thom. Faith, you are an ingenious fellow—and worthy to be my brother-in-law.

Phil. And tell Janet to follow me to the castle with the Count—now, away with you.

Thom. And shall I tell her your disguise—she'll never condescend to like you after.

Phil. I'll risk that—It matters not what the coat is if the heart beneath it, be but sound—so do you run with my message. [*Exit Thomaso.* Besides, if you come to that, the blacksmith enjoys a vast number of privileges in the world.

SONG.

A blacksmith you'll own is so clever,
And great in the world is his place;—

And the reason I've guess'd, why for ever
A blacksmith's deserving of grace.
Great lawyer's who plead and who preach,
While many good causes they mar,
May yield to the blacksmith to teach,
For, he labours still more at the *bar*!

Sing, Fal de la, &c.

2.

When great men do wrong in the state,
The Commons try hard at their polls ;
While the blacksmith, as certain as fate,
Could have 'em *haul'd over the coals*.
And if rogues put their name to a draft,
The law for their hanging will teaze ;
But blacksmiths are free from all craft,
And may *forge* just as much as they please.

Sing, Fal de la, &c.

3.

The *vices* of trade he holds cheap,
And laughs at the world as it rails,
For, spite of the pother they keep,
They can't make a smith *eat his nails* !
And if, to his praise be it spoke,
To raise him still higher and higher ;
You may say, and without any joke,
All he gets, is got *out of the fire* !

Sing, Fal de la, &c.

4.

Then let blacksmiths be toasted round,
 For well it may always be said,
 When a fortune by blacksmiths is found,
 They must hit the right *nail o' the head*.
 No *irony* now I'm about,
 To his *metal* you'll find him still true,
 Since I've *hammer'd his history out*,
 I hope 't will be *temper'd* by you
 Sing, Fal de la, &c.

SCENE III.

*A View of the Castle as before, the Sentry-box,
 that turns upon a Pivot, by the Window.*

Enter SOPHIA from the Castle.

Soph. Ah, my poor Lorenzo—I fear you are lost—however I have taken the only means I could devise to enquire your fate.—I have requested the attendance of the simple officer—he is new return'd from Madrid and may know—the step is rash, but when love inspires the female breast, all other passions sink before it.

Enter JEFFRY, (adorn'd with Ribbons, &c.)

He comes!—his simplicity gives me courage—I'll retire and muster up assurance to accost him—
(retires.)

Jeff. I knew it would be so, hang me if I didn't, over head and ears—darts and desperation—she's in love with me, by gosh.—I gave her a look at dinner, that did it!—she blush'd all over here, there—what the devil shall I do—she has sent me a billet doux—I can't marry her—I've promised myself—and I won't break one's heart for sake of a new one.—And if I'm too complying, I shall get my throat cut—I'll just sigh, and play, and toy!—O la!—where shall I go when I die—always deceiving—one can't help it—one can't I vow. “ 'Tis woman seduces all mankind.”

Sophia (coming forward,) Sir—I beg pardon—I feel very awkward.

Jeff. So do I—I assure you—fair lady—

Soph. Love, Signor, is a tender passion—

Jeff. Heigho!—I shall never hold out, (*aside.*)

Soph. As it is a delicate subject, I wish you to understand the reason of my requesting this interview.

Jeff. Oh la!—dear miss—your note explain'd it all perfectly.

Soph. Well, Sir—there is—you'll excuse me—it is useless to conceal it—something about you that prepossess'd me in your favour.

Jeff. About me! (*affects to blush*) La, ma'am, you do me honour—useless to conceal it any longer

—poor creature ! how she trembles—her first slip, I dare say.

Soph. I—have a secret.

Jeff. So have most women—but they never keep any but one, and that's their AGE.

Soph. Don't think me bold.

Jeff. Oh—nothing for the nineteenth century, ma'am—

Soph. To you I must confide my sentiments—I love, and———

Jeff. Now she's coming to the point. (*aside.*)

Soph. I wish to speak plain—you only can relieve me.

Jeff. That's plain enough, to be sure. (*aside.*)

Soph. The youth I love, is a soldier—young and elegant.

Jeff. Clear description. (*aside.*)

Soph. Witty, yet unaffected.

Jeff. Me again. (*aside.*)

Soph. Oh !—I have him now before me.

Jeff. Damme, if I didn't think so. (*aside.*)

Soph. Now, Sir—be secret—interrogate me not.

Jeff. Oh, secrecy may be depended on—no questions ask'd.

Soph. Now, Sir, to descend to request a favour like that—

Jeff. Yes—but stop one moment, dear lady—

for here is some one coming, and character—I must have a little regard to that.—Step this way, here—

Soph. But understand me—I wish to enquire whether the Count Lorenzo——

Jeff. Eh——

Soph. Whether in your travels, the Count Lorenzo——

Jeff. O la! we are all out here—(*Enraged.*) no, miss, I know nothing about any body—I must to my duty—I mistook your purpose—you must retire.

Soph. Oh, cruelty in the extreme—my soul is rack'd——

Jeff. I will attend you to the Countess—madam—proceed I follow. [*Exit SOPHIA.*

Make me a-go between——I——no, no—I always trade for myself—she's a jilt—and women are all alike.—She is in love with me, and wants to make me jealous—but I'll match her. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILIP (as a Smith,) and JANET.

Phil. Dear girl—as these soldiers infest it, we shall never get into the castle—for when I applied at the hall-door, they swore I was a cheat, and hustled me out, so that if I am discovered again, heaven knows what will become of me.—Now, this letter of appointment must be conveyed to the Countess, or we shall not be received at eight.

Jan. Give it to me—I have intrepidity enough

—though, with all my courage, when I saw the guards they made me shrink.

Phil. Shrink!—egad, soldiers in general haven't the character of making ladies *shrink*.—No! no! quite the reverse, I assure you.—But hark!—what's this?—they are coming.

Janet. They are by all that's unlucky—a truce with jokes—retreat's cut off—what can be done! run, run in there, there, behind that sentry-box—not a word.

[*PHILLIP hides himself.*]

Enter JEFFRY and Soldiers.

Jeff. A blacksmith you say—oh the Smoaky Son of Sulphur—keep guard, and if you happen to see him, shoot him—take your post—(*soldier goes to the box.*)—Ha! a pretty girl!—now then, while Donna Sophia is at the window, I'll give her a jealous dose—she and her Lorenzo—I don't like it—but I must make her heart ache—she wanted me to feel—and I'll give her a pang—humph!—I say, my love, you are devilish pretty—all the women here, are.—You get nearer to France—the banks of the Vidosso. The women of Madrid, according to modern calculation, are at least a century behind you in personal charms.

Janet. Well, Sir, we are not the only people behind a sentry (*the COUNTESS and SOPHIA are seen at the window*)—

—Will you take this up to the Countess for me!

Jeff. I shall be able to give that jilt a look—
(*aside*)—Oh, dear, I will—I will.—

Janet. (*drops a letter into the basket.*) Come, come—now make haste—there's a dear soul!

Jeff. Dear soul!—well, they are all alike—I must be very engaging—but stop, my dear—from what has just DROP'T FROM YOU, I am inclined to think there is something in this basket that should not be.

Janet. (*snatches it out*) No—no—there is nothing in the basket—nor any thing in the straw—but the ladies———

Jeff. Eh!—what—STRAW! LADIES—Oh, you rogue—oh, fie! Well I'll take them—I have a head—

Janet. (*pins the letter to his cloak.*) Yes and so has a PIN.

Jeff. Very true—but don't suppose, because there is a natural simplicity about me, that Don Signor Jeffriode Alonzo de Marc Antonio de Calcavello Juan Fernandez Pedrillos, is to be cheated by a woman—I am sure that you wanted to send in some diabolical letter or other by me—you had the design, but couldn't *cloak* it—it wouldn't do—he! he!—I shall see that cruel Sophia—Heigho!

[*Exit into the castle.*]

Janet. So far, so good—sentinel—here!

Sent. I can't leave my post.

Janet. Then how are you to prevent any one's passing ?

Sent. My box moves on a pivot, and commands the country—now I can see the village—now the bridge—now I can see—

(Philip comes from behind and turns the box round.)

Phil. And what do you see now, my fine fellow ?

Sent. Oh ! oh !——

Janet. Farewell, my fine fellow !

Phil. Good day to you, Cerberus—come along, dear girl—we are safe as yet. [Exit.

Enter JEFFRY from the Castle.

Jeff. I swear I'm dying for love—I'm like the poor youth in the old English song about Barbara Allen. “He turn'd his face unto the wall.”

Why, hollo ! Joseph !—why, YOU HAVE TURN'D YOUR FACE UNTO THE WALL—some devil has twisted him round—however, one GOOD TURN deserves another, so I'll restore him. *(Turns the box.)* Why how came you so, sir ?

Sent. The identical blacksmith gave me a twirl, and——

Jeff. Oh, the rascal—that's either the murderer or the devil, and be which he will, I shall cer-

tainly get at him some time or other—come on—
we'll pursue him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALPHONSO—COUNTESS—SOPHIA—THOMASO—JANET *and* ANNIE, *from the Castle.*

Alph. This is joy indeed—my boy Lorenzo lives—and it is singular that each of the antagonists in this affair supposed the other killed, but both survive.

Count. Oh, Sir!—you knew not my feelings—for in your son's enemy, you know mine, who is already here on the joyful news.

Enter THEODORE—PHILIP *and* JEFFRY.

Theo. Signor Alphonso I have received a note from Lorenzo, and it seems he supposed himself the murderer for whom the reward was offer'd.—All is settled on that point—but he names a wish that my sister's hand should be his.

Count. Dear boy—consent was granted, and the whole concluded ere we left the castle.

Jeff. She's a jilt—and I'll never believe a woman more. [*Exit.*

Theo. Philip, M. La Fleur has I find left my service and return'd my ring—he little knew to whom he made his confessions—as it is, for your integrity, I appoint you steward.

Phil. I accept the situation, Sir, that when I consider on it, I may reflect it was the reward of

my exertions in your service—and if my efforts are successful——

Janet. There can be little doubt of that, Philip, for in this time of general joining hands nothing is wanting to our happiness.

Theo. Yes—we have to entreat our friends to *join their hands* in our cause.—And let my case be to them an instance of the difficulties in which the system of duelling involves young men of the present age—with this reflection—that it is full as well to be counted *honourable men*, as *men of honour*.

FINALE.

Now, set the bells a-ringing,
Merry, dancing, playing, singing,
Good news this ev'ning bringing;
All is mirth and joy around us!

THOMASO.

Trip away,
All so gay,
Pleasure ev'ry eye is read in;
Dance so light,
This gay night,
All to hail our merry wedding!
To the tabor, pipe, and fiddle,
In and out and up the middle

Chorus.

Then set the bells, &c.

PHILIP.

True you say,

We'll be gay,

If friends allow us any merits ;

For 'tis said,

Live or dead,

They can always raise our *spirits* !

Chorus.

Then set the bells, &c.

Trio.

Care be driven far away,

Banish hence all sorrow ;

If our friends but smile to-day,

We shall smile to-morrow.

Full Chorus.

Then set the bells a-ringing,

Merry, dancing, playing, singing,

Good news this ev'ning bringing,

Pleasure ev'ry eye is read in ;

Trip away,

Blithe and gay,

All to hail the humble wedding !

FINIS.

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